TICKETS NOW, CARMEL BENEFIT NIGHT SEE P. 2

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THE CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

by... FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Ella Young, Irish poet, believer in fairies, is lecturer on Celtic at our state university. She is an able historian, political economist, as is AE. Both see and hear the *little people*. They have *dual* personalities, instead of *duel* personalities, as most of us inhibited folk.

The Associated Press is a cooperative, limited, company owned by some hundreds of newspapers, and directed by the higher-up owners, for furnishing news by telegraph and mail from all parts of the world. It has always been conservative, supporting the government in power, and writing news, colored only by conservatism. Now, it has changed. It is gayer, commoner, and sends out numerous articles to aid business, to protect the present system. It praises leading heads of finance, heroizes them. All this new policy is the result of meetings of the big bugs of journalistic finance, who demanded ardent propaganda in these parlous times; propaganda for installment ideas, for Wall Street, for the things in life which can be advertised in newspapers. Why not? After all, the AP is simply the organ of the millionaire bankers who own the principal papers in our country. They see the necessity of combatting radio and talkies with paper entertainment, and of boosting the heroes of their own game.

Chester Rowell, millionaire, Republican colyumist, says: "Hoover will be made the next President by Liberals, the Conservatives accepting him, perforce." Liberal like Harry Lauder.

When you've suffered severely from physical pain, the mere absence of it brings a glow of happiness; until you forget the absence and the pain.

I'm always sorry when attempted suicides fail. The travail towards the resolution to die is so painful, it deserves completion. The spirit is broken before the act; it never mends. The childish suicides so frequent now, are, perhaps, exceptions. They are the results of faulty upbringing, of egos sick before trial. ———— More on page six

Unemployed Block May Be Salvaged by Unemployed

The well-known depression may prove to be the making, or unmaking, of Carmel's much discussed Block 69, officially designated a city park but actually, and for many years, a blot on the landscape. At a meeting of the City Council last night, Miss Clara N. Kellogg, commissioner of streets, and also a member of the Employment Commission, stated that, with the Council's assent, the commission was prepared to undertake the landscaping of Block 69.

Several years ago, Mrs. James Hopper organized a movement to beautify the square, and collected approximately a thousand dollars for the purpose. Before anything could be done, however, discussion arose as to the use of the site for city buildings and as Mrs. Hopper raised the money solely for park purposes, she has been disinclined to proceed until the question was settled. It is understood that the present plan contemplates improving the appearance of Block 69 by shrubbery and other means, without prejudice to its eventual use or otherwise as a town hall site. Contributors to the original fund not wishing to subscribe to such a plan will have the option of withdrawing their donations.

Other matters dealt with last night by the Council in regular session included: Streets.—Discussion of sidewalks for lower Ocean Avenue, requested by property owners, led to the designation of the Council as a committee of the whole to go into the matter with a view to ascertaining the most suitable material. Bricks and colored cement blocks are both being considered.

Library Board.—Mrs. John B. Dennis and Mr. Frank Howard Marshall were appointed to serve on the board of trustees, Harrison Memorial Library, for a three-year period.

New Measures.—First reading was given ———— continued on page three

"Carmel Benefit Night"

Under the general direction of Lita Bathen, backed up by a host of helpers, plans are going along ship-shape for "Carmel Benefit Night" at Sunset School Auditorium on Friday evening, January fifteenth. A diversified program will be presented in aid of the Carmel Employment Fund. Details on page two of this issue.

Hold-up

Mrs. Hatton Martin, Twelfth and San Carlos, showed unusual bravery in an experience with a hold-up man at her home Wednesday morning.

The man entered the house through the open front door, and demanded one hundred dollars, saying that he knew she had withdrawn such an amount from a bank the previous day. Mrs. Martin denied having any money, and, upon the man's threat of kidnapping her son, asleep in his crib, she seized a revolver, and attacked him. He fled from the house, jumping into a dilapidated blue Chevrolet, driving off with an accomplice.

Police on the Peninsula, Salinas, an Watsonville are watching the highway for the men, August Englund, Carme police chief, stated this morning that their identity is known.

Solved

Workmen employed by Ernest Bixler on a San Antonio construction job yesterday morning made a discovery which led to circulation of a report that human remains had been exhumed in a corner of the lot. The Carmelite homicide squad, soon on the spot, came to the conclusion that the happy hunting ground of someone's pet had been disturbed; the skeleton was that of a dog. Medical and police judgment concurred —or possibly it was the other way around. In any event, no mystery story this week.

"Carmel Benefit Night"

"Of course, go ahead!" William De Mille. . . . That was the hearty reply telegraphed Helen Ware when she asked permission to use the author's playlet "Food," for the Carmel Unemployed Benefit. So Carmel will see its resident dramatic star in a skit that made New York laugh for months.

Howard Brooks and Frederic Burt will do the two male parts in the piece. Mr. Burt will direct.

* * *

"Shall We Join the Ladies," by Sir J. M. Barrie, will be presented on Carmel Benefit Night under the direction of Edward Kustr and played by a splendid cast of well known peninsula people under the title of "Carmel Community Players."

This play was first produced in 1920 at the opening of the Royal Academy Theatre in London.

"Shall We Join the Ladies" is in fact merely the first act of a three-act play which Barrie never finished but which with characteristic humor and audacity he published in its unfinished state. Standing as it is, it is said to be as complete and perfect a little mystery play as can be imagined. The action all takes place around a dinner-table at the end of a week's house-party at the country house of . . . but that would be telling. The cast of the Carmel production will include Gertrude Bardarson, Howard Brooks, Evelyn Chry Crichton, Margaret Campbell, B. F. Dixon, Samuel Ethridge, Gabrielle Kuster, Mary Marble, Robert Parrott, Wendy Green Prince, Virginia Rockwell, J. L. Steward, Ruth Waring and others.

* * *

Carmel's favorite dancer, Willette Allen is on the program for solo numbers and will also present a number of her pupils from the Carmel School of Dancing. Miss Allen's last local appearance was in a joint program with her former teacher, Oukrainsky, at the Studio Theatre. Her name on the program would be in itself sufficient attraction to many.

* * *

With a complete cast of colored people, a distinct novelty is offered in "The Crossing"—a one-act drama written by Charles K. Van Riper from a short story by the Ellerbes, Alma and Paul, who came to Carmel from the Carolinas, where they had been engaged in educational and social work. The conflict of the play is between two men, one living and one of them dead; between intelligence and superstition; sane courage and primitive fear.

Old music, hymns and stirring spirituals are used in the action and will be sung by the group recruited locally to give "The Crossing" its first production. Direction and staging of the piece will be in the hands of Elliot Durham. The play is highly charged with drama and early rehearsals indicate a keen and powerful performance.

* * *

Charles K. Van Riper will be in charge backstage, but his work will start long before the first curtain. Mr. Van Riper is at present working on details of the program, arranging the "spots" for each number to ensure a well-balanced evening's entertainment.

* * *

Since the recent dance at Pine Inn, the younger set have been making known their wishes that they might have more frequent opportunity to get on a dance floor in Carmel. They will have a chance following the Benefit Night program. The auditorium stage, as large as many dance floors, will be cleared; an excellent orchestra has volunteered its services; the evening will be turned over to trippers of the light fantastic. There will be a small charge, but it is "all for the cause."

* * *

An innovation in ticket sales has been adopted for Benefit Night. As the whole of the auditorium downstairs will be reserved, it became necessary to devise a plan for advance sales by a number of volunteers without having reserved seat tickets scattered. Coupons (printed as a donation) are being sold at one dollar each, which upon presentation at the Denny-Watrous Gallery will be exchanged for reservations. The seat sale got off to an excellent start several days ago, and every indication points to a packed house. *Sub rosa*, the committee is considering the possible necessity of a second night, although the auditorium has the largest indoor seating capacity in Carmel.

* * *

Fenton P. Foster and his glee club, always ready for any community service, are billed for two numbers on the Benefit Night program.

Their reportoire is so extensive that they are equally at home at a Christmas festival or a jamboree.

They may be depended upon to add to the gaiety of the evening on January fifteenth.

* * *

Carmel is showing its usual splendid cooperative spirit in connection with Benefit Night. All the needed preliminary services have been donated; the various numbers on the program are, of course, being presented without charge to the committee; an orchestra has volunteered its services for dancing after the show, and so on down the line. There is in prospect for the Carmel Employment Commission the largest single donation it has received so far.

* * *

"Carmel Benefit Night" will be a swift-moving evening, but with one pause of consequence—a fifteen minute intermission for refreshments. Mrs. Vera Peck Millis has consented to take charge of necessary arrangements. Customary charges will be made, the proceeds going to swell the total contribution to the Employment Fund.

* * *

Lita Bathen, general chairman of the Benefit Night, suggests that those who may wish to form parties should make early reservations to ensure getting a block of seats. Tickets are on sale at the Denny-Watrous Gallery; reservations may be made by telephoning 62.

DR. REINHARDT TO SPEAK AT P.-T. A. MEETING

The Parent Teachers Association of Carmel announced this week that Doctor Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, will be its speaker on Wednesday evening, January 13, in the Sunset School Auditorium at eight o'clock.

Doctor Reinhardt's subject is "What News from Heaven." Nationally known as an educator and leader in public movements, the evening's lecture should prove most illuminating. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The Association will hold its monthly business meeting on Tuesday afternoon, January twelfth, at three o'clock in the old auditorium of Sunset School. All members are requested to attend to discuss new and old business.

ON JURY SERVICE

Mrs. Frank Sheridan, wife of Frank Sheridan, noted actor, was impanelled yesterday as one of the thirteen jurors to try Game Warden William Kaliher on a murder charge arising from the fatal shooting of W. M. Cope in Partington Canyon last September. District Attorney Argyll Campbell is prosecuting the case, with J. A. Bardin the defense attorney. Judge Henry Jorgensen is conducting the trial.

"OVER THE HILL"

Frank's Jewelry Shop, formerly located on Ocean avenue, recently moved to a new location in Monterey, on Del Monte avenue. Mr. Frank, a merchant of Carmel for ten years, is pleased with his new shop, which is modern in appointments, and of easy access.

EXTENDING ACTIVITIES
EXTENING ACTIVITIES

The Carmel Employment Commission is providing work for an average of ten men a day, according to Miss Clara Kellogg, member of the committee. The four flights of stairs to the beach, on Scenic Way below Thirteenth, have been completed. Several men are working now on Ocean avenue between Junipero and Carpenter streets. The pavement, when laid, was left unfinished on the sides, and this is being chipped smooth. Three men are busy cutting off dead branches and digging out roots of old trees over the city; four men are cleaning streets, the beach, and vacant lots where trash has accumulated.

Every Wednesday, the Garden section of the Women's Club employs two men to clean Ocean and Dolores streets, and other main arteries. About one hundred and ninety two dollars a week is paid out to these men. The next project will be the cleaning up of Block 69.

The Employment Commission desires it to be emphasized that work is being assigned only to *bona fide* residents of Carmel, and that transient workers are not being encouraged to remain. The funds at the disposition of the commission are none too adequate to take care of local needs.

ART INSTRUCTION

Frank and Marguerite Blasingame, San Francisco artist-teachers, will begin an art school within two weeks in their new studio in the Philip Wilson Building at the corner of Ocean and Dolores. They will conduct Saturday morning classes for children in the mediums of pastel, block printing, and pottery.

Classes for adults in the same mediums, with design and hand loom weavings added to the course, will also be given. A new idea in the method of teaching is that they intend to make their studio an atelier where students may come and work with them in the various mediums. The classes are now being arranged, and interested people may call Carmel 668-W.

GALLERY ATTRACTIONS

Adele Marcus, concert pianist, will play this evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, beginning at eight fifteen o'clock. Her program will include both classical and modern selections.

Countess Tolstoi, daughter of the great Russian novelist, will speak at the Denny Watrous Gallery, Friday evening, January twenty-second, on "Russia." Her views on the Soviet regime give a new slant on the Russian picture.

COUNCIL *from page one*

to an ordinance amending regulations pertaining to horseback riding at Carmel beach. Under the new rules, horsemen will be permitted to use the beach between October and April, but not during the remainder of the year. The original ordinance was intended primarily to safeguard summer crowds.

Another measure given first reading last night was an ordinance reducing the publication charge on delinquent tax reports. Heretofore, a taxpayer upon redeeming his property has been required to pay one dollar twenty-five cents for each lot as publication fee. The new charge is seventy-five cents, a reduction made possible by the "Pine Cone's" low bid on legal advertising—approximately one-fourth of what was being paid when the original delinquent tax fee was set.

W. I. L. MEETING

The January meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will be held Sunday, January tenth, at eight o'clock in the home of the Misses Kellogg at Ninth and Casanova.

Miss Eunice T. Gray will present the subject, "War and Peace and the Ancient Poets." The public is invited to attend.

THE WEATHER

After the turbulence of Christmas weather, this has been a very quiet week says the rainfall and temperature specialist at the Carmel branch of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratories. Only a "trace" of rain is reported, about thirty-three hundredths of an inch having fallen. The lowest temperature was on Monday, the fourth, when the mercury dropped to thirty-four degrees. Today, Thursday the seventh, was the highest, with the mercury at sixty-seven degrees.

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LAMENT ON THE TIMES

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.

"In France, the political caldron, seethes and bubbles with uncertainity; Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly Indian insurrection, and with its disturbed relations in China.

"It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference (which, happily, no man pretends to feel) in the issue of events.

"Of our troubles no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

***The foregoing is reproduced from "Harper's Weekly," not because it has anything new to say, but for an entirely different reason. It first appeared in "Harper's" for the tenth of October, 1857 (eighteen fifty-seven is correct.) Only two words would have to be changed to bring it up to the minute.

This, That and the Other on Exhibit

The "portfolio exhibit" at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, representing chiefly the work of artists who have had individual shows in Carmel, is here reviewed sketchily by Gloria Stuart:

Helen and Esther Bruton: Wood Blocks —"Recollections of Corinto"—naive wit and simplified technique none the less articulate; emphasized design. "Cass Street, Monterey"—Evidently on a market day. With humorous people caught in characteristic poses. (Helen Bruton) "Church at Ranchos de Taos"—sunshine and shadow superficially dealt with. (Esther Bruton).

A. Ray Burrell: Etchings—"Live Oaks" uninterpreted; that is etched with a softness untrue to an oak's patterned scraggliness. "Pines"—very successful trees, their blackness seen with the sun behind, the sharp foliage and broken limbs realistically done. "Cloud Shadows"—depth and sureness in the acquatint medium. Deep, shadowed valleys and ridges blended under the sky.

Jean Charlot: Lithographs—"Mother and Child"—excellent; Most intriguing design. "Head"—study of open-mouthed wonder, but little interest; subtly satirical. "Mestizos. Yucatan" —anatomical.

Armin Hansen: Etchings: "The Rescue"—Restatement of his true and hearty seamanship. Sou'westered men on a slippery, hard, wet beach watching the rescue boat land—the wrecked ship foundering offshore. "On the Rocks"—a freighter with its battered hull lifted on the rocks. Strong figures climb over the rocky shore. The quality of ship and shore are very good. "Montereyans"—three sea-dogs form the triangles, their faces and postures exuding the same spirit that comes with the kinship of the sea.

Paul Landacre: Wood Blocks: "Monterey Hills"—sandstone definitely underlying the smooth foothills. with granite breaking through the jagged high mountains. The device of a blackout in the lower corner lets the eye travel over the intervening light spaces to the black outline of the topmost peaks. "Downpour"—interpreted obliquely with most successful mood of wet, shining darkness. "Point Sur"—huge, ranging hills pointing towards the north side of the lighthouse island. Employs device mentioned above. Shadows the interest here. The three most interesting of the exhibition.

Clemente Orozco: Lithographs "Three Generations"—the stolidness of age, the vitality of youth, the dependence of babyhood, and three stone stairs leading through an arch. The sureness of Orozco's technique, and its color, most apparent here. "St. Francis Embracing the Leper"—the powerful design of a full-robed body leaning over the naked emaciation of a kneeling one, exquisitely and boldly balanced. "The Ruined Village"—dimensional blackness and whiteness, with little accented interest on his most interesting quality—design.

Lucy Pierce: Dry Brush. "The Retreat"—an apparent lack of knowledge concerning the use of simple lines, and selections of quantities of lies. "Cannery Row, Monterey". The plane lines of stacks, buildings, rails, and poles tend to straighten out Miss Pierce's technique. Interesting, but uninspiring. "Up the Carmel Valley" —Selection here, both in line technique and subject matter giving a native trueness to the picture. The hills adapt themselves well to the vagaries of the Pierce line.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour: Etchings. "California Coast Range, Big Sur"—two etchings on same subject. "Point Lobos"—conventional treatment in a realistic photographic manner.

Henrietta Shore: Lithographs. "Canadian Weed"—the delicate vitality of this plant drawn with the same quality. Exceptional texture and design. "Yachting on the Bay"—the liquid mobility of sea and wind does not flow here. Miss Shore's striking and finished style is unrelated to depiction of elements in action. "Mexican Mother"—a picture that emanates the fertility and passion of young motherhood intent upon suckling her babe. A fine example of the precise style of execution peculiarly Miss Shore's.

Edward Weston: Photographs. "Egg Slicing Machine"—the designs of this artist's pictures—when they are as intricate as this one—defy analysis, but stimulate the senses with their very intricacy. The texture of the shelled egg ready to be sliced, and that of the unshelled eggs, their definite rough hardness, is superb. "Nude"—one of Weston's finest in feeling and quality. "Cabbage Leaf" —like the shining folds of a dancer's train—a study in irregular arcs.

Gordon Newell: Sculpture "Grotesque" —yellow sandstone mask carved with imaginative strength. Simple, primitive technique, with base harmonious to the face. Definite style and execution, with no employment of the "modern" distortion so often seen in sculpture and painting.

Stanley Wood: Lithographs. "Bow and Anchor"—anchor hung in center of the picture in exceptionally clear space, with the bow forming a dark solid in the rear. "Bow String Hemp" —one of the most striking of succulents given its patterned starkness full value. "Threatening Sky"—the least valuable of the three. Cloud masses fail to threaten, the method of their presentation—plane lines—failing to create the impression of the full roundness of rain soaked clouds.

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"Descent to the Dead": Jeffers' Latest Volume

Published by Random House, New York, in a limited and signed edition of five hundred copies, at five dollars.

Reviewed by GLORIA STUART

The cry that Jeffers is no poet, in the lyric sense of the word, is answered in this new volume. For here we have the lyricism of passion strongly felt, of strength passionately recorded, and of beauty truly final. Epic by content, the poems are nevertheless lyric in quality. That this poet, so cognizant of the immaturity of the peoples of this coast, so steeped in its vitality, has gone to the British Isles, where for thousands of years men have lived and died, and rendered impotent the land, and has been able to interpret their earth and human records so sensitively, is indeed remarkable. But Jeffers has done this very thing before, in the poems he brought back from the Southwest. To one who has never felt the decay of the Isles, the ground in which race after race has buried itself, the hideous conflicts which have watered with blood the Isles' flinty earth, surely this volume conjures up a true concept of its nature.

And the philosophy resulting from this foreign land returns to the philosophy of the Pacific. The same things shall happen here, with the same results, that have happened in the Isles. In the poem, "Shae O'Neill's Cairn:"

"But death's nothing, and life,
From a high death-mark on a head land
Of this dim island of burials, is nothing either.
How beautiful are both these nothings."

The poems find their sequence in questions and answers. In a grave one "plots the agony of resurrection." But "it is better to be dust," says another poem. The pettiness and strife of life find hugeness and nullification in the grave. There one may rest, and watch the succeeding generation go through the same motion that the dead one has. And it is beautiful to rest, to watch a giant stone above you in the dark slip one inch in a century, to know that the pure fame, and not the passing honor of mortal fame of the grave abides.

There are two poems in this book, the first of which is perhaps the finest, "In the Hill at Newgrange," and "Subjected Earth," which imply that perhaps the dead are restless in their graves, for there are still undeciphered questions to be answered by the living—that the dead might arise to solve. The peace of the grave solves all. In the first of the poems, Jeffers says that it is time for the living to cease visioning and to rest:

"For probably all the same things
will be born and be beautiful
again, but blessed is the night that
has no glowworm."

In "Subjected Earth" he answers, saying that in the grave he should probably remember the burdens to be carried by the living, the loving dreams to be made, and should unhappily hear the step of life upon the grave mound.

We feel that Jeffers can go no further in the magnificent statement of his philosophy. Surely here he has surmounted all former obstacles. To write supremely again—as he surely does in this book—he must branch out into another aspect of his thought, or merely make a restatement, which would be a denoument. Here, he has left behind the needless morbidity of some preceding poems, he has used fine selection in h detail, he has lifted the veil of obscurit which hid many passages in ear work, and, finally, he has synthesi every quality of his inspired poetic c cept into the supreme statement of belief.

* * *

In speaking of the appointment of T. Eliot to the Norton professorship poetry at Harvard University, the Angeles Examiner says, "It is the story. Traditions are set by rebels, by conformists. Because Mr. Eliot that he and the world he knew gone crazy in the war, and because honestly set down just the obsessi and confusions that troubled him, t he is honored by Harvard.

"In the same way, because Robin Jeffers set down the manias marched through his soul, and igno the rules of polite discourse that women's club could have taught h today Robinson Jeffers' works are stu ied by the women's clubs."

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****The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.*

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

from page one

The art of eating is decadent. The present generation is ignorant of it. A friend of mine, a Swiss, formerly a partner in the best restaurant in San Francisco, told me: "My daughters at our family table have taken the delicate roast meat, cut for them by their mother, and folded it in a sandwich! My own daughters! That is America, today in *cuisine*."

If Hamlin Garland had been loyal to the humble, hapless farmers of his early days and books, he would not be a member of the American Academy. Like Twain he traded truth for the welfare of his family; sold his talent for respectability.

One of the results of air travel will be a growing demand that all wires be put under ground. A deadly menace is high tension wires. Outside my window, with in twenty feet of my house, are huge cables of these carriers of death. A fire, or perhaps, a big wind, and they might fall on me. Only a supine, venial government would permit such profitable recklessness. To descending airplanes, these high tension wires constantly threaten destruction.

The cigarettes are fighting over the radio, and in the papers, over respective merits. Toasted, coughless, without sheepdip taste, Adamappleloving,—all, if not advertised, could be sold for a third the price. Once, Gillette razors were five dollars; now, they are free, if you buy blades. Those razors cost a few cents to make. Of course, *The Carmelite* is not against advertising, uses a safety, and smokes all brands. We like the remembered ads of a brand of whisky that adorned many walls, fences and bars. "*Wilson! That's* All!" Southerners and Westerners, when Woodrow began to be prominent, thought the headlines referred to their favorite tipple. It was a joke among Americans at the Peace Conference in Versailles, that President Wilson thought the show there was like the famous whisky.

From San Francisco and Los Angeles and San Diego, run many excursion boats to wet, foreign ports. From New York great, foreign liners (without liner patronage, now) run to Canada, or merely, to sea for week-ends, or for four or five days, crowded with passengers seeking relief from dry America. These liners serve all the drinks of Europe. Our American flag, Pacific ships from California and Hawaii make a feeble effort to oblige.

The hypocritical-Christian bars are *soft* (with set-ups), but, the bellboys announce for sale, moonshine, gin and bourbon and moonshine *okolehao*, or oke, the common intoxicants of California and Hawaii. The prices are extravagant. In Hawaii, there is a tacit understanding among the dry cops (cheap politicians) that nobody with money shall be hindered from drinking freely of Hawaiian moonshine, but, to bring in a bottle of regular liquor is forbidden sternly, except to rich, influential, bribing residents of Hawaii. Hawaii liquor flows with the currency. It is served by everyone, but the aged preachers. A high government man, a multi-millionaire (there are scores of such men in Hawaii) brought me five gallons as a gift the day I arrived. In Hawaii, I am a Kamaaina of thirty years. Old acquaintances, school teachers, grandmothers, mothers, their girls in their teens; writers, officials, drank the carboy of *okolehao* in ten days. I left my door open, the jug on the floor, glasses in sight, ice for the buzzing. In this atmosphere of Americanism, we are bringing to citizenship tens of thousands of American, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Azores, Portuguese, Canary, Spaniards, Hawaiian-mixtures.

Wife-beaters are publicly whipped in Maryland. The old English would turn over in their barrows, for they said, "A *woman*, a dog, and a walnut tree; the more you beat them, the better they be." The other day, on a ferryboat stairway, I saw a wife, a dozen years married, hand her husband a noisy slap on his cheek. She, then, went to the ladies' room, and, as he lit a cigarette, he said to the smoke: "Why, she hit me right out in public." Yet, on arrival at the slip, they took the same jitney to resume the same routine. After all, a slap leaves no scar.

Education's chief failure in America has been in interesting the young in art, in humanity, internationalism, in the welfare of the masses. In California, we have not an outstanding professor, a leader in economic thought and action. We have a former president of the state university, a professor, best known and most active as a major general of militia! Militia! The parade of asses!

In New York lives and writes a highly-paid wisecracker, named Walter Winchell, whose daily smutterings are read, supposedly, by millions, in many cities. Not to know and repeat what he says, is to count oneself lost as to speakizzies, Broadway, movie dumb, and the minked minxes of the night whirl. A Carmelan, unflavored by the sour-saccharine fumes of N'Yawk, could not tell Winchell's stuff from bad tripe. Magazines give pages to effort to convey the marvel of his charm, to solving the mystery of his magic spell. Certainly, his pores are wide open for the effluvia of commonness. I read him, always.

Don't think that the Veteran's bonus demand was killed by Hoover at the Legion convention. The boys traded hollering for money for hollering for beer. But, at this congress, the former soldiers will demand every cent owing them. Both drys and wets will do that, and the wets will demand quicker, stronger beer. And, Herbert, will be in a deuce of a fix,—as usual.

Mayor Harding of New York, a new book, is about Mayor Walker of New York; about gangs, crooked courts, brutal cops, playgirls and night life.

One of the new terrors of radio is elocution. A man or woman recites Kipling or other poetry, with all but the gestures. If you've not heard "Gunga Din" by air, you've missed one of Dante's hells.

Wodehouse is one of the few funny authors. He is English. The English are the wittiest people in the world. I laugh more among them, than, even, the Jews. The Irish, seldom, laugh, except at their betters, and, then, bitterly.

The Russian five year plan is the greatest social experiment of all times. Yet, if successful, Russia in twenty years could not equal in general physical welfare, the America of today. We can afford to aid Russia. And, we need a five-year plan, badly.

In Belgium, King Albert was booed by hit burghers. He must long for the heroic war times. He will, soon, join Manuel, Alfonso, Pu Yi, Kaiser Bill, as an ex-tra la la.

Forgotten Facts

Impressions of Post-War Europe

by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

London was not the London I had visited in 1912. Great mobs of unemployed. Parades, along Whitehall. Booing of the Cenotaph. The beautiful buildings which housed the ministries were barricaded and in these barricades were doors, just wide enough for one person to pass, each opening guarded by two sentries. The parks were hemmed in by barbed wire entanglements. In them soldiers, with machine guns.

Will Harris, with whom I was travelling, and I went to the Automobile Club. We were considering buying a car, in which to drive to Paris. The secretary of the club advised against it. We asked him why. He took us to the roof of the club and there, commanding Pall Mall, in the heart of London, was a machine gun, with two men. It was explained that England was very close to revolution.

Revolutions, I have found, are like bank failures. One never knows they are coming till they come.

I had a long talk with one of Britain's greatest men. I do not give his name. He is dead. Nor was he talking for publication. He said to me many things. Among them:

"America is young. The problems that have been ours for centuries have never come to her. They will. And then, and not until, will America learn. Come back in a hundred and fifty years and we will talk again."

"The best a European statesman ever hopes to get is a choice of evils."

"The American statesman comes to his desk at ten. If, by noon, he has not permanently fixed everything wrong in the world, he is unhappy. The British statesman works hard all his life. If, at the end he feels that he has kept things from getting a little worse, he considers that he has not worked in vain."

I gathered that, while selling to its public the grandeur and glory of the Empire on which the sun never sets, the British statesman, at heart, deplores the tremendous and impossible tasks imposed upon it by economics.

The British Empire is merely another of those cancers of industrialism that are causing the world to moan in bitter agony.

As long as Britain was underpopulated and produced no more than it could use, Britain had no empire and needed none. It did seek colonies. But this was merely the adventurous spirit of its people, and the greed of its ruling classes.

But when Britain became a fabricating country, then the trouble started. She had to have raw materials and customers. So she went out, as all nations always have gone, to build up, by force of arms, an empire. The propelling force behind this step was one thing—machine production—the same thing that later, in a quicker and more spectacular way, drove Germany into the World War.

It is safe to say that had electricity and steam never been invented, the world would have stayed a peaceful and happy place, its wars being confined solely to raiding trips by rulers with megalomania.

So, of economic pressure from within, was built up the British Empire. It has always been forced to rob Peter to pay Paul. It always will be so forced.

To allow Egypt to produce cotton cloth means that Manchester unemployment will be increased to the danger point. To reduce the salt tax in India means insufficient funds to control the sea. Justice at home means injustice in the far places. Justice in the far places means . . .

It means, this great Empire, shrewdness that is not our idea of honesty. But honesty is not possible in an Empire. When Woodrow Wilson called for open covenants openly arrived at, Theodore Roosevelt said it would be like playing poker with the cards face up.

The nations of the world have found to their cost that they cannot trust one another. The wise ones no longer try. There is not enough of anything in the world to go around—save trouble and people.

This all countries, save idealistic and sentimental America know full well. America, with sixteen billions owing, with money loaned to Germany to trade with us and spent by Germany to other ends—with the world both bilking and mocking—this America is beginning to learn.

But how slowly!

London taught me this: If you want to preserve your illusions, stay at home.

ANTRIM. . . *by Robinson Jeffers*

—from Jeffers' newest volume, "Descent to the Dead": Random House, limited signed edition of five hundred copies ($7.50.)

No spot of earth where men have so fiercely for ages of time
Fought and survived and cancelled each other,
Pict and Gael and Dane, McQuillan, Clandonnel, O'Neill,
Savages, the Scot, the Norman, the English,
Here in the narrow passage and the pitiless north, perpetual
Betrayals, relentless resultless fighting,
A random fury of dirks in the dark: a struggle for survival
Of hungry blind cells of life in the womb.
But now the womb has grown old, her strength has gone forth; a
few red carts in a fog creak flax to the dubs,
And sheep in the high heather cry hungrily that life is hard; a
plaintive peace; shepherds and peasants.

We have felt the blades meet in the flesh in a hundred ambushes
And the groaning blood bubble in the throat;
In a hundred battles the heavy axes bite the deep bone,
The mountain suddenly stagger and be darkened.
Generation on generation we have seen the blood of boys
And heard the moaning of women massacred,
And passionate flesh and nerves have flamed like pitch pine and fallen,
And lain in the earth softly dissolving.
I have lain and been humbled in all these graves, and mixed new
flesh with the old and filled the hollow of my mouth
With maggots and rotten dust and ages of repose. I lie here
and plot the agony of resurrection.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MASTER PRINTING CRAFTSMEN

Harry Ward Ritchie, young printer who has demonstrated his abality and sensitiveness in the printing of books both in America and in Paris, is in Carmel this week. Mr. Ritchie has just returned from a year's study and travel abroad, and is at present working on an original project of his own. Carrying letters from outstanding printers of the West—John Henry Nash, the Grabhorn brothers, and Jake Zeitlin—Ritchie arrived in Paris last year, and immediately began work under Francois Louis Schmied. This man is considered France's greatest color printer, having been famous as an artist before he undertook printing. He believed that printing could be made to do justice to his highly decorative drawing, and has found this to be true. Readers of "L'Illustration" will remember his vivid drawings of a yacht trip that he and his son took in the Mediterranean which were published in the 1930 Christmas number. Henry Bullen, director of the American Type Founders' Library, says that Schmied is the greatest living artist of the book.

Mr. Ritchie began work with Schmied by setting type, but "upon discovering that my French was not of the best," he shifted to cutting wook-blocks. A book that Schmied has recently published, "*Le Livre de la Verite de la Parole,*" Ritchie helped to complete. The text is supplemented by twelve colored illustrations of the twelve entrances to Paradise in the wood-block medium, each illustration employing as many as forty five different blocks to achieve the blend of colors. This method is radically different from the process color printing used in America, which as a rule employs three blocks, or engravings, and rarely more than four. The book was completed after two and a half years had elapsed, some pages requiring two months to finish.

Considered the most expensive book ever to have been published in France was "The Odyssey," on which Ritchie also worked. Issued for a collectors' club in France, it was printed entirely on vellum, with hundreds of color-block illustrations. One of the interesting experiments, supervised by Schmied, was "L'Edition Belier," a group of volumes in which wood blocks by young, unknown artists were used.

While he was living in Paris, Ritchie met many young Americans. "Though it may have been simply accident, the most talented people I met were almost all Californians. They seem to have more verve and drive than the average American student working there." Mr. Ritchie himself is twenty-six; began to study printing only after he had graduated from Occidental College. Among the students he met in Paris were John Goheen, collaborator with Pijoan on a new "History of Art." Pijoan was the man who induced Orozo to do the frescoes at Pomona College several years ago. Lawrence Clark Powell, of Dijon University, who is taking a degree with Robinson Jeffers as the subject of his thesis; Alfred Fisher, also of Dijon, who has just published the first part of four volumes on the Comedy—he is studying there on a Franco-American scholarship; and Herbert Klein, who is acting as the Berlin correspondent of a Chicago daily, and is also writing on Jeffers, are among the interesting Californians. Leaving France, Mr. Ritchie spent several months in England, acquainting himself with the presses and printers of the country. Among the men whom he interviewed were Francis Meynell, son of Alice Meynell, the authoress, who runs the Nonesuch Press; St. John Hornby, of the Ashendene Press; Sidney Cockerel, partner of William Morris, of the Kelmscott Press; and Richard Cobden Sanderson, son of the founder of the Dove's Press.

Interested in collecting rare items of typography, Ritchie delved into the small book shops of Paris and London, bringing back with him such items as Sebastian Munster's "Cosmography," published in 1549, and containing marvelous maps of America; and volumes printed in the sixteenth century by such men as Jean de Tournes, Simon de Calines, the Etiennes, Aldus, and Plantin. Among the books which Mr. Ritchie has published are two items of Jeffers. One of them, "An Apology for Bad Dreams," was done in his spare time at Schmied's. In make-up, it is very similar to the new volume of Jeffers' published by Random House, "Descent to the Dead," and is considered a valuable item by Jeffers' collectors. "Stars," another single poem by Jeffers, was also published. "The Brimming Cup," by Carlyle MacIntyre, a professor of English at U. C. L. A.; several Hildegarde Flanner items; "Nut Brown Beer," by George Arnold, a poem which appeared in an anthology about seventy-five years ago, and which Mr. Ritchie believes should be revived because of its quaint humor; two books by Carl

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RITCHIE *from preceding page*

Sandburg, "Melisse and Louie," and "Soo Line Sonata"; and his most recent one, "Stars Do Not Make a Noise," by James Stephens, have all been successes. Ritchie has used several imprints for his press work: the Deux Magots Press, the Flame Press and the Shandy Press.

He is now working on an experiment much in line with Schmied's—that is, of publishing books that will give young artists a chance to exhibit their work. Ritchie wants to publish, once a month, a twenty-four page booklet devoted to one artist in any medium, to be issued as a series to subscribers. Everything is to be hitherto unpublished work with first edition value, and he hopes to alternate the work of a known artist with that of an unknown one. It will not only be an opportunity for young artists, but will also give him an opportunity to experiment typographically. Hand-made paper, and hand set type will be featured in the books, and as authors and artists will have to contribute with no remuneration other than the reward of seeing their work printed, the price will just cover the cost of materials.

Among the contributors already signed up are William Van Wyck, who will do a translation of Ronsard's "Sonnets to Helen"—he has just published a modern version of Chaucer illustrated by Rockwell Kent; an essay on Jeffers by Lawrence Clark Powell; a volume of poems by Hildegarde Flanner—to be illustrated by Frederick Monhoff, of the Otis Art Institute of Los Angeles—one of whose etchings was included in "The Fifty Best Prints of the Year," in 1930; an epic poem by Alfred Fisher, which will be issued in parts—many internationally known critics who have seen it in manuscript claim that it is one of the great epic contributions of this age. It is called, tentatively, "The Ghost," and contains the thesis that life is spirally active, expanding from a small cycle to an enormous disappearing one. Among the artists who will contribute are Valentine Angelo, now working with the Grabhorn Press; Gordon Newell, Carmel sculptor; and Jacques Chenais, a young French artist, who hung his first exhibit of wood blocks in Paris last year. Says Mr. Ritchie, "It is one of these ideal schemes that may or may not work out."

AT PASADENA

Addison Richards, remembered in Carmel for his Studio Theatre appearances, is cast in "Berkeley Square," which opens tonight at the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

THE WEEK'S BEST DOG STORY

Another tale has been added to the lore of Carmel dogs, and their vagaries. Michael O'Shannon O'Day, Irish wolf hound belonging to the Douglas School in Pebble Beach, wandered away last week, and, after an extensive hunt, could not be found. Several girls from the school were walking around the Point the next day, when lo and behold, Michael O'Shannon O'Day came bounding down the enclosure around Mr. Edward Kuster's home. Seeing their pet, they rushed to a telephone in the neighborhood, and called for the school wagon, announcing the discovery of the dog.

Under the astonished gaze of Shim Kuster, the driver opened the gate, put the dog and the girls into the canvas covered wagon, and drove off. Shim rushed into the house, but, speechless with shock, could say nothing. Finally, he yelled that Angus, his own dear doggie, had been kidnapped.

In the meantime, Michael O'Shannon O'Day had gone native with a German shepherd in the Pebble Beach forests. Two equestrians, armed with guns were amazed to see a huge elk come crashing through the trees with the two dogs in mad pursuit. The dogs downed the elk, and, not desirous of wounding either the elk or the dogs, the horsemen simply fired into the air, scaring the dogs away. Having heard of Michaeel O'Shannon O'Day's disappearance, they caught him, and took him back to the school. And there was his brother, Angus, with several men trying to corner him, after he had jumped through the canvas side of the bus in an effort to return home. The Kusters were called, and Angus rode home in state, to tell his playmate, Toby, all about the big adventure.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Several of the new books at the Carmel Library are of particular interest to Carmel readers though local connections of the authors, and otherwise.

William MacLeod Raine, author of more than a score of books, has just published "Beyond the Rio Grande." He spent the summer of 1930 in Carmel, writing Western stories. Harry Carr, of the Los Angeles Times, erstwhile visitor to Carmel, has recently published "Old Mother Mexico," a book that is in line with recent critiques of that country, such as Stuart Chase's "Mexico." One of the most interesting of these new books is Edward A. Filene's "Successful Living in This Machine Age." Filene is a friend of Lincoln Steffens, and was the sponsor for Steffens' investigation in Boston which resulted in the Boston 1915 Plan of Reform. This man is a leading merchant in Boston, and the prophet of many new relations between employer and worker. And, of course, the latest book on "Culbertson versus the Official System," by Thorne, will interest contract players seeking light and an end to all this sound and fury.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey.

In the matter of the Estate of
HARRIOT DORR DOULTON,
Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank, as executor of the last will of HARRIOT DORR DOULTON Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers,to the said executor at its place of business on Dolores Avenue and 7th Street in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, (the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate,) in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this notice.

Dated: December 1st, 1931

Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank, as Executor of the last will of Harriott Dorr Doulton, Deceased

Date of first publication, ——— December 10, 1931

Date of last publication, ——— January 7, 1932

HUDSON & MARTIN
Attorneys for Executor.

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INTERESTING MUSICAL FIGURE LEAVES CARMEL

Marshall Bartholomew, director of the Music Department at Yale University, left Carmel last week for the East. His family will remain here for six months in their home on San Antonio. Mr. Bartholomew is a figure of importance in musical circles, being chairman of the International Music Congress of Glee Clubs, which meets in Europe every summer for a songfest. The organization, politically speaking, carries the colors of the peace movement. An authority on Southern music, Mr. Bartholomew has arranged and composed folk and children songs from the North Carolina mountain regions. He has given many concerts in Carnegie Hall, dealing with this music.

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The Miscreants

—who gather now and then to discuss various things and affairs. Whose sign of distress is "That's good."

Chronicled by FRANK SHERIDAN

"I quite agree with you," the Judge said, bowing to the Idler. "We Americans are not only emotional, excitable, and changeable, with no respect for authority, but we are also weaklings on the veriest type—we tire quickly. All wrought up over a thing one day, and the next we are looking for a new toy to interest ourselves with.

"The newspapers will take a weed of fact and transform it into a forest of fancy which we children believe real and a place to go picnicking in. After years of observation I must agree with a wise old editor of a famous English paper, who, in a recent article, called us 'a most gullible people.'

"Just where does all this rhapsody on arboreal wanderings by the American Sovereign and his family lead to may I ask?" snarled the author. "And while we are on the subject of the weak-minded voter leave out Californians if you please; we are never weak and seldom changeable. Once we get set we rarely, right or wrong, make a change. Look at our politics; we are a Republican state by an overwhelming majority because—"

"Because we are a Republican state," the Idler quite definitely stated.

"That's as good a reason as any, I guess. I've asked twenty Republicans hereabouts what their party stood for, and the answer every time was: 'High tariff, the Eighteenth Amendment, and the full dinner-pail.'"

When the raucous laughter subsised, the author continued, "And I asked five Democrats—I believe that's all there are of that tribe in Carmel—what their party stood for, and each and every one returned the same answer; 'Low tariff, work for everyone, and five cent beer.'"

"If I remember rightly," the Captain remarked, "One of England's greatest statesmen, Disraeli, said something about, 'The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.'"

"I'm glad you said, 'One of England's great statesmen,' for she has had many great statesmen and still has a few that are not overlooking any bets," and the Judge poured one out for himself. "They have a few lads over there in Albion who are attending strictly to England's personal business; and to the business of any other nation, if, by so doing, it gives Britain the best of it; which was expressed with admirabe succinctness by Stanley Baldwin in the House of Commons a few weeks ago. I have it here, from the 'Manchester Guardian.' Friend Stanley said, 'London has been largely instrumental in financing Germany during the last ten years, thereby enabling her to carry on international trade and pay reparations. These financial advances must not be endangered by political debts."

"Isn't that sweet," murmured the Idler. "I had an idea that we had put in seven or eight billions to help Heine recuperate. What was done with the loose change?"

"Why nice municipal improvements like parks, swimming pools, wide strasses, gymnasiums, and a lot of other things that the Sheriff can't attach and move out of the country," the Author volunteered.

"Lord Beaverbrook came out in his paper, the London Evening Standard, a

CARMEL BENEFIT NIGHT

Fri. Night, Jan. 15th

A Date to Keep Open

MISCREANTS *from preceding page*

few days ago with his merry grip to his 'cousins across the sea,' the Judge said. "And gave as comic an excuse for Englishmen not paying their debts as I have ever heard. Listen my children: 'There must be no more debt payments to the United States because we lent to our Allies more money than we borrowed from the United States.' Now that's what I call a real business letter; to the point in telling us what to do with that gilt-edged guarantee England gave us. I hope you grab the comedy side of it—inasmuch as England loaned what it had borrowed from the United States to its various Allies, she tells us that we are a rude, crude and impertinent people to ask for some of it back."

"There's another brilliant angle to this debt thing. As if in answer to Mr. Baldwin's statement that the English bankers must get theirs before anyone else; Premier Laval in the French Chamber of Deputies said in a very caustic speech on the subject: 'We will not accede to priority being given to private debts over our reparations.' And they are going to have another nice, friendly chat among the Allies in a few weeks in regard to Germany's debts."

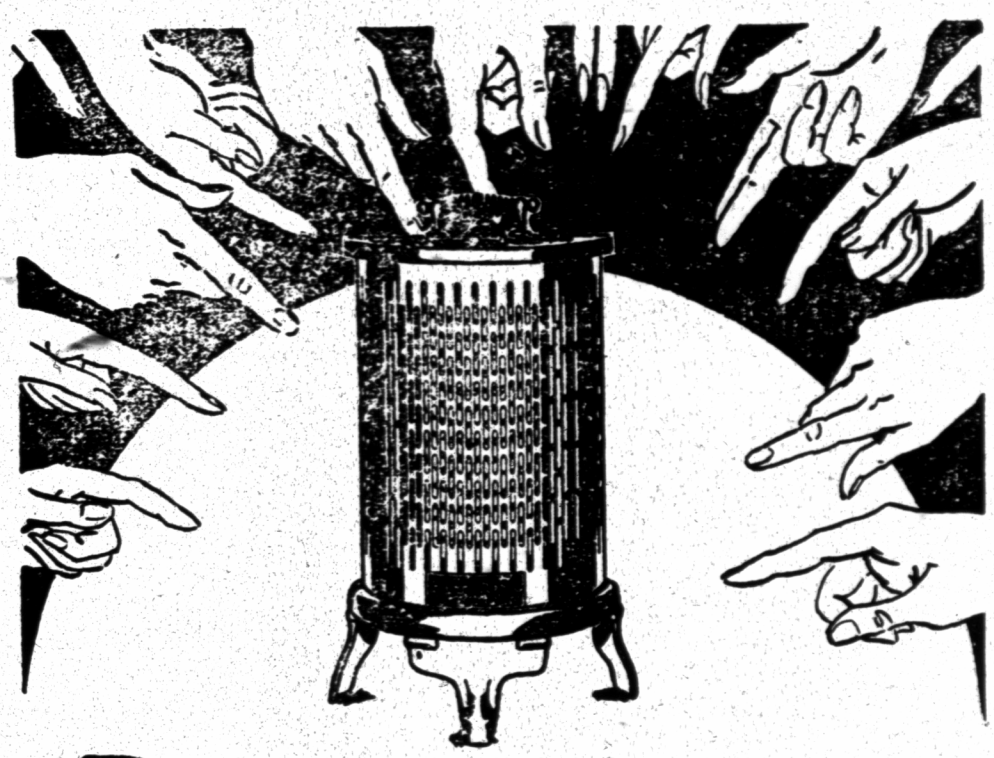
"Hasn't President Hoover appointed some of our boys to sit in that game?" asked the Author. "Four of the boys and one of the girls?"

"Well, as long as things stand as they do, I'll say that Fritz is sitting pretty." The Judge turned to the Captain with a frown. "Captain, may I ask you to refrain from whistling, 'Over There', it irritates me now.

"I venture to remark a bit back, that we were a simple people; we live simply, when we can't afford to live otherwise, our politics are simple, so simple that no one can understand them, our thoughts on domestic and foreign affairs, when we think at all, are simple—very simple; in fact, in the elementary stage. Mind you, I don't say Americans are simpletons. I merely say we are still incapable of grasping the complexities of minding our own business."

"If my opinion is worth a continental, I'll say we arre going to get something good out of the rotten mess," interrupted the Idler. And that something is a good swift sock on the financial snoot just for butting into other people's business."

"Right you are, my boy," the Judge agreed. "And now if you will gather around the green baize, you being just average Americans, I will endeavor to emulate Europe and sock you, each and everyone."



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